

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1884.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER 304

## WAR TO THE KNIFE! KNIFE TO THE HOLLOW!

### NOW THE GENERAL SLAUGHTER BEGINS!

#### THE GREAT CLOSING-OUT SALE AT

# J. W. Hayden's Store,

STANFORD, KY.

Let the people read it in reeling italics. This is a bona-fide **CLOSING-OUT**, not a **CLEARANCE SALE**! Four Thousand Dollars sold in November; Ten Thousand **MUST** go in December. This is the week for the **Bloody Slaughter of Prices**! The biggest drives ever offered in Central Kentucky on First-Class Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods, etc. Special Bargains in Overcoats. Gents' tailor-made Suits, stylish Hats, Gloves, Kentucky Jeans, Rubber Boots, Sandals, Arctics, Coats and Gossamers; Ladies' Wool Shawls, Skirts, Cloaks, Hosiery, Underwear, Fine Dress Goods, Trimmings. A special slaughter in medium Dress Fabrics, Gingham, Flannels and Waterproofs. A fine display of Fancy Articles suitable for Christmas presents. The instructions to salesmen this week are: "Let 'em go! Sell 'em! Never mind the cost mark!" Now is the time and the Great Closing-Out Sale the place!

Having determined to quit the goods business on account of failing health, I have made up my mind to stand any sacrifice that is necessary to close out my stock at once **FOR CASH**.

J. W. HAYDEN.

#### A Hard Hit

One of the Baptist pastors of this city preached on Sunday last a very pithy and pungent sermon from the text, "Will a man rob God?" The question is answered in the affirmative—as regards some men, judging both by past history and present examples. This was illustrated by an anecdote, very felicitously told. We shall aim only to give the point. It was so sharp it could not well escape the listener. A man asked another, "Are you a believer in the Christian religion?" "O, certainly." "You are a member of some church, then, I suppose?" "Member of the church? No, indeed. Why should I be a member of a church? It is quite unnecessary. The dying thief wasn't a member of a church and he went to heaven." "But of course you've been baptized? You know the command—" "Be baptized?" "O, no. That's another needless ceremony. I'm as safe as the dying thief was, and he never was baptized." "But surely, since you will not join a church or be baptized, you do something in acknowledgment of your faith? You give of your means—you help the cause in some way?" "No, sir. I do nothing of the kind. The dying thief—"

"Let me remark, my friend, before you go any further that you seem to be on pretty intimate terms with the dying thief. You seem to derive a great deal of consolation from his career; but mind you, there is one important difference between you and him. He was a dying thief—and you are a living one."—(Michigan Herald.)

Does shaving cause the beard to grow? This is a disputed question among those who should know the most about it. The impression is quite general that it does, but why it should be not clear by any means. The youth who wants a moustache shaves persistently and painfully, too, perhaps, in the fond hope that he is helping the dear things along. If there is any dependence to be placed in the results of the latest investigations into this matter, he might as well take the milkmaid's advice to soak his lip with cream and get a cat to lick it.

#### CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blood-itching and itching piles lead at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching and affording a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

#### Roller Skating Partitions

Lying on the right side, "My heart is at your feet."  
Lying on the left side, "I have money in bank."  
Standing on your nose, "I have no objection to a mother-in-law."  
Jumping on your skates, "I'm afraid I can't trust you."  
Lying on your back, "Assist me."  
One leg in the air means "Catch me."  
Two legs in the air means "mashed."  
One skate in your mouth, "Crushed again."  
Hitting the back of your head with your heel, "I am gone."  
Suddenly placing your legs horizontally on the floor like the letter V indicates "I am paralyzed."  
Punching your neighbor in the stomach with your left foot, "I am onto your little game."  
A backward flip of the heel and sudden cohesion of the knees to the floor indicates "May I skate the next music with you?"—(Norristown Herald.)

THE THEORY OF VACCINATION.—Prof. Tyndall suggests that, just as the soil may be so effectually robbed of some essential ingredient by one abundant crop as to be incapable of producing another, so in the human system a parasitic disease may so completely exhaust the blood of some ingredient necessary to the growth and propagation of the parasite that the production of a second crop is fatal or considerable quantity may be impossible. It would thus appear that protective vaccination or inoculation is simply the introduction into the blood of weakened and comparatively harmless disease germs to consume the material which might become food for similar germs in a more vigorous and dangerous condition.

"How was Indiana carried?"—cries an exchange that hasn't got over the election yet. We don't know how they got the rest of the State home, but the delegate we saw at three A. M. had his legs hanging out of the window, his hat hanging on his feet, no overcoat, and was singing "If it's morrow, let's be married," and it took three men to hold him down. If the hack held out we can see no reason why there should have been any difficulty in carrying the State.—(Hawkeye.)

Rev. Dr. Burchard said "just before the battle" that the democratic party was made up of "rum, Romanism and rebellion" and now comes Rev. Dr. Fulton, of New York, who says he unqualifiedly agrees with Dr. Burchard. Now, if Bilsam wants to recede Jerusalem he can drive a double team.—(Memphis Scimitar.)

#### FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"What causes the great rush at McRoberts & Stagg's Drug Store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchitis now on the market. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

#### THE EXTRAORDINARY YOUNG LADY.

Once in a Large City there dwelt a Maiden whose Mother being in Moderate Circumstances was put to great straits to educate her Daughter that she might occupy a Higher Walk in Life. She worked hard, and deprived herself of every Comfort. And how was she rewarded? Strange to say, this Young Lady appreciated her Mother's Sacrifice, and did all she could to lighten her labors. Upon returning from School she would devote her time to the Kitchen until the hour for her Music Lesson arrived, and then she would make the Piano Howl. She arose early and assailed with the Washing and Ironing, and when her Young Man took her to the Ice Cream Parlor at night she always slipped some Choice Cake into her Pocket for Ma. Finally she and the Young Man were married, and the Best Room in their House was devoted to the Old Lady, who never afterwards did a lick of Work.

This is not a True Story. It is a Fable.—(Cincinnati Time Star.)

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the gas-light with her hand all evening as much as to find that after all she had left her best diamond ring on the wash stand.—(San Francisco Post.)

#### Falcon on Waterbury Watches.

I have been studying the inner consciousness of a Waterbury watch, trying to see how its subtle processes might be quickened into the semblance of a simulated life. I have learned what a "demonition horrid wind" it takes to wind one up, and what a feeble effort at time keeping it makes when the winding beads over. It will not start itself, but must be used as a sling shot, or thrown up in the air and caught several times before it can be galvanized into organic action. If you have bought one, its silent face will stare you out of countenance with dumb protest at your folly; and however you may come into possession of it, you will soon see that for a brand of the first water it is entitled to the cake.—(Times.)

A ghastly belief was that the hair of the head grew indefinitely after death, it having been found in perfect masses where graves have been opened. Every specimen of this hair that has been carefully examined has proven to be vegetable hair, a form of fungus. The only well-marked changes that take place in the hair after death is the loss of lustre and color. It is one of the most indestructible parts of the body, being found in graves where there were no traces of either bones, teeth or nails.

--OUR--

## LADEIS', MISSES'

--AND--

## CHILDREN'S

## FINE KID AND GOAT

## SHOES!

## CAN NOT BE EXCELED!

## TRY A PAIR

## GEO. H. BRUCE & CO

### STANFORD, KY.

## H. C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley

Presents for your Mother-in-law at Bourne's.  
Presents for your Granmammy at Bourne's.  
Presents for your Gal at Bourne's.  
Presents for your Fellow at Bourne's.  
Presents for your Friend at Bourne's.  
Presents for your Sister, Father, Mother—Everybody, at Bourne's.

Toilet Cases at Bourne's.  
Nail Sets at Bourne's.  
Odor Cases at Bourne's.  
Writing Decks at Bourne's.  
Fine Books at Bourne's.

Bourne is the Friend of the Gift-Maker—in fact

Bourne is a nice little man.  
Bourne is a dandy.  
Bourne sells the nicest goods.  
And feeds the girls on candy.—(Shakespeare.)  
Then go immediately and see BOURNE at the New Drug Store, next door to Higgins, STANFORD, KY.



## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

Stanford, Ky., December 30, 1884

W. P. WALTON.

THE old year whose expiring sighs are heard in the winds, has not been such a bad one that we would baste its demise. While it has brought us as a nation no great wealth, it has left no trace of dire calamities such as 1883 was remarkable for, but has given us many causes for thankfulness. A scarcity of money and business depression have marked the latter days, but on the whole those who have labored have been reasonably well remunerated and have no cause to complain. THE INTERIOR JOURNAL is among the latter class and is proud to say that it is prospering, even as well as we could expect under the circumstances. The names on our long subscription list embrace the best people in this section, while the paper finds its way to nearly every State in the Union and many countries of the old world. We are indeed grateful to our friends for the continued evidences of their good will in the shape of a liberal patronage and wish each of them all the blessings that they could ask or expect during the coming year.

APPRECIATING to its fullest extent that silent contempt is often the most stinging rebuke, and having suffered so long in that direction from the *Courier Journal*, the editor of the *Post* tries the withering effect of his silence on his hated rival, *The Times*, but to little result. To a man up a tree it looks very much like he, having found that Waterson doesn't care a tinker's dam for anything, he may say, is trying to make a reputation as a brave and courageous man by abusing one who is more than his peer in intellect, in political, personal and social standing. But when two boxen young bucks knock up against him and show a disposition to fight, the gallant Colonel affects not to hear them and thus tries to maintain the reputation he thinks he is making by his constant tirade on a man who justly stands at the head of his profession in the United States. Col. Sears is a man of ability, but the course of his paper in opposing everything that the *Courier Journal* advocates, whether good or bad, is simply designing and unworthy of a man who aspires to the noble avocation of enlightening the world.

We regret to note that Judge J. A. Phillips, who has made the *Monticello Signal* a very entertaining paper, has retired from its editorship. Mr. G. W. Ringer is his successor and we wish him great success in his difficult task.

JUDGE FRENCH TIFTON is the boss story writer. His effort in the last *Richmond Register* entitles him to honorable distinction among that popular class.

Dr. THOMAS S. BELL, Louisville's oldest and most honored physician, was found dead in his room Sunday.

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Sam Randall has arrived in Louisville.

Gen. R. L. Williams, brother of Cerro Gordo, is dead.

The postoffice at Winchester was broken into and robbed of \$320.

Harrigan & Hat's Theatre Comique, New York, burned. Loss \$200,000.

The Academy of Music at Minneapolis, Minn., is in ashes. Loss \$200,000.

The Treasury excess of assets over demand liabilities Saturday exceeded \$187,000,000.

Gov. Cleveland will resign his office January 6th, when Lt. Gov. Hill will be inaugurated governor.

Jim Walton, a negro, brutally murdered his paramour, Florida Scott, at Nicholasville Christmas night.

Judge Kincaid has arrived in New York with the remains of the famous Kentucky sculptor, Joel T. Hart.

The large hotel at Warm Springs, N. C., burned Saturday, causing a loss of \$150,000. It contained 500 rooms.

The steamer Vint Spinkley, of Cincinnati, burned on the Mississippi, with her cargo. Loss on the vessel \$15,000.

Mrs. Frances David stabbed Mrs. Lizzie Way with a pair of scissors at a church festival in Summerville, S. C., killing her.

Gov. Cleveland will be tendered a reception by the City Club of Buffalo, January 10, following the charity ball of the 9th.

J. R. Mills & Co.'s printing works and a large portion of the Masonic Temple at Cincinnati, burned involving a loss of \$175,000.

Paquet, an infidel, who, it is alleged, was paralyzed while denying the doctrine of eternal punishment, died Saturday at Toronto.

Dave McGinnis, a sixteen-year old boy, shot and killed Jerome Gay at Burgin. Gay and his brother had assaulted McGinnis.

C. Aultman, of the great agricultural implement manufacturing firm at Akron, O., is dead after accumulating a million or more of dollars.

Frank Hurd will contest the election of Jacob Romels to Congress from the Toledo district. It is alleged that Romels is not a citizen of the United States.

Three train wreckers were hung in Mississippi by the friends of their murdered comrades and two negroes were drowned by a mob in North Carolina for burglary.

C. B. Simmons, local Treasurer of the L. & N., at Louisville, is the latest defaulter in that wicked city. He is short \$34,000 in his accounts and has fled to Canada.

Russell Grover and wife, of the "Begar Student" Company, and a chambermaid, were burned to death by fire in the Opera Hotel, at Racine, Wis., last evening.

Another Town Marshal has gone the usual way. Harlan Taylor, who held that position at Morganfield attempted to arrest Sam Holman, when the coundrel shot him dead.

Mr. A. J. Jones, for many years editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, is dead after a long illness. He married a Miss Bryant, formerly of this county, who with one child survives him.

The Rivers and Harbors Committee has agreed to recommend an appropriation of \$200,000 for the Kentucky river, \$10,000 for the South Fork of the Cumberland and one of \$2,000 for Tradewater.

The suit of Miss Sarah A. Hill, claiming to be the wife of ex-Senator Sharon, for a divorce and division of common property, was decided in her favor. The property is valued at \$10,000,000.

In Christian county Jake Torian was shot dead, and Peter Adcock fatally wounded through a window by unknown assassins, while sitting in Torian's house. They were prosperous and respectable young farmers, with no known enemies.

The Atlantic cable companies are at war. Rates are down to 40 cents a word for general business messages to Great Britain and France, 20 cents for plain press messages transmitted in regular order and 10 cents for "deferred" press business.

Bradstreet's says that the number of bank failures in 1884 to Dec. 25 was: National, 11; State 22; savings 11; private (including stockholding establishments), 77. Total 121. In 1883, the total was 45. The number of failures in mercantile business was 12 per cent greater than last year.

### MT. SALEM, LINCOLN COUNTY.

A wedding was expected in this section but the bridegroom failed to appear but why he failed is not yet known. (It is reported here that he was on a high and when sent for, said he would not give one good old drunk for a half dozen wives. Ed.)

In passing through Middleburg on Christmas day, we were hailed by John W. Wilcher who escorted us to his hospitable mansion, where in company with G. L. Holmes, William Miller and family and ample justice was done to a Christmas turkey.

On Saturday the case of Miller, Engineer, vs. Green River Lumber Company comes up for trial. Able lawyers are expected to be in attendance. On the same day there will be a public installation of officers of the Masonic order, and McDowell Fogle is expected to deliver a lecture on that occasion.

John Wells, a boy of 15 or 16 years of age, living near this place, on the 23d inst. took a horse from James Coulter's lot, went to Yosemite and appropriated a pair of boots in J. W. McDowell's store, and two pairs of socks from Chas. Simpson's, returned, and the horse was found in James McKinney's lot the next morning. He was arrested, the property found, and we understand that he made confessions, and was sent to jail, but by what particular process of law he was incarcerated, we were unable to find out. From the boys' actions in the case, his former history and general character, it is doubtful whether his mental calibre is sufficient to hold him responsible for these irregularities.

Christmas was ushered in on a cold bleak day but every body seemed to enjoy it finely. The inevitable small boy with his fire crackers was on every hand. Santa Claus seems to have been as profuse as ever in gladdening the children's hearts with the usual amount of confectionery. In one case Santa Claus seems to have anticipated the day and presented to the wife of Richard McDowell, on the 22d, a fine 12 lb. daughter. On Christmas eve night, the writer had the good fortune to fall in with an old friend, Moses Coffey, near Yosemite, where he was delightfully entertained with vocal music by six of the daughters of our host, with a violin accompaniment by himself. The rest of the daughters were absent. While the whole performance was excellent, that of the three youngest, Misses Lucy Jasper aged 3, Bertha aged 5 and Angie aged 9 years, was remarkable. The petite Lucy is a prodigy.

### HUSONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

The Christmas Tree at the Presbyterian church Wednesday night was a triumphant success. All denominations participated. The house was crammed to the gallery, the presents tasteful and abundant, the crowd well behaved and thoroughly pleased, the music fine, Billy Williams and Rex Reid as twin brothers of the Santa Claus family unrivalled, the Sunday school children, in whose behalf the entertainment was gotten up, jubilant. The veteran Superintendent, J. B. Green, was about as happy as he can be this side of home, and will press his favorite work with more energy in the future.

On Monday evening the dwelling of Mr. B. N. Allen near Dunnville, in Casey county, took fire while the family were out and with all its contents, together with the outbuildings were consumed. The family, consisting of the aged couple and a daughter, were comfortably fixed and fully supplied in every particular. The insurance on their property had just expired and their son, J. W. Allen, of this place, was negotiating for a policy in another company. The sons are rallying to the aid of the old folks and they will soon be reinstated.

### Washed Out Hair.

There is a sort of pallid, chalky complexion which the novelists call a "washed out complexion." It is ghastly enough and no mistake. Washed-out, faded, colored or parrot-colored hair is almost as repulsive and melancholy. Parker's Hair Balsam will restore your hair to its original color, whatever it was; brown, Auburn or black. Why wear moss on your head, when you may easily have lively, shining hair.

### MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

Christmas week passed off very pleasantly, indeed.

Miss Mattie Newcomb will give a cap year party to-night.

There have been a number of social parties in town during the week just passed. Everybody has had a good time.

The postoffice at Pine Hill has been abolished. The mail for that office is now delivered at this place.

The court of investigation met last Friday and two of our citizens were jailed because they refused to tell from whom they had been buying liquor.

The Christmas Tree at the church, for the benefit of the Sunday School, was a decided success. There was a present of some kind for all of the little folks who had been regular attendants.

Rev. J. P. Dawson, of Danville, a Presbyterian Minister, is holding a few days' revival meeting at the church in this place. He has been having excellent audiences, being the first minister of that denomination that has visited this place for many years. His meetings will probably continue through the week.

The following named young ladies have been visiting at this place during the past week: Misses Annie Higgins and Ella Simpson, Kirksville; Miss Maggie Smith, Paint Lick; Misses Lou Randall and Sallie Brown, London. Mrs. and Mrs. A. D. Smith, of Memphis, Tennessee, are visiting relatives at this place. Mr. B. F. Myers and family, of Williamsburg, are visiting in the county. J. D. Chandler, of Louisville, spent his Christmas with friends at this place. J. L. Whitehead, is back from Williamsburg for a few days. Mr. Vankirk, of Pennsylvania and Will Rappert, of Liberty, are visiting at this place. Miss Deia Heartick, has returned to Louisville after a visit of several weeks to relatives in town.

### GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

J. C. Hemphill made an assignment on the 23d inst., to George Walden. Liabilities \$8,000; assets (estimated) \$10,000. W. Bernside's stock of drugs sold to Middleton & Lillard, who will continue the business here. The Bazar given by the ladies of the Christian church realized a handsome sum.—Col. John K. Paulkner, of Louisville, is at George Denny's.—Miss Mollie Burdett has returned from Parks ville.—Mr. William H. Arnold, who recently moved from here to Washington county died at the latter place last Friday. His remains were interred in the Lancaster cemetery Saturday.—A Christmas Tree at the Presbyterian church Wednesday evening was well attended. Many handsome and costly presents were distributed.—Elizabeth, an infant daughter of W. B. Mason, died Wednesday morning.

### DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Mr. Mattie J. McDowell sold Friday to Malcom Welsger five shares stock in the Central National Bank this place at \$195 per share.

Four handsome new coaches passed here Sunday evening on the Cincinnati Southern marked Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West railroad. They were beautiful.

Mr. A. F. Munson, representing Munson & Oldham, of Zanesville, Ohio, is putting up a handsome iron fence of new design in front of the residence of Mrs. McAlister on Main street.

The Carrie Stanley Vixen Comedy Company should be passed around the country as an unmitigated humbug. They "showed" here Saturday night and the exhibition was as nonsensical as, as well as Douglas Sherley's latest "booklet."

The Boyle county Medical Society met at Gilcher's Hotel Friday evening and after the usual routine of business Dr. L. S. McMurtry was reelected President and Dr. Fayette Dunlap Secretary. The meeting closed with an elegant banquet.

The Danville Literary Club met Friday night at the residence of Prof. J. B. Walton when "The Chinese treaty" was discussed by Messrs. E. H. Pierce, C. H. Bides, O. Bestly and Jas. L. Allen; other members present were Messrs. J. W. Proctor, J. W. Yerkes, J. C. Fales, R. A. Johnston and J. A. Cheek.

Mr. John Fogarty bought Friday from Wakefield & Farris 100 acres of land, this side of and on the right of the toll gate on the Lancaster pike, for \$7,500. This is a part of the Thomas Barbee place, so well remembered by every one who ever lived in Danville. The pond in included in the purchase.

Mr. Wm. Ayres and wife, of Louisville, are spending a few days with Mrs. Ayres' father, R. W. Givens, Esq. Miss Carrie Walters, of Lincoln, has been visiting friends here for the past week. Dr. R. W. Dunlap who has been quite ill for several days, is considerably better this (Monday) morning.

Ben Row, colored, of Garrard, formerly of this place, sold and delivered to A. Hutchings, of this county, on Christmas day 3,570 lbs. of white burley tobacco raised on four acres of ground belonging to H. O. Sutton, of Garrard. This is an average of 2,114 lbs. per acre and considering the quality it is thought to be the finest yield yet reported in this part of the State.

The annual election of officers of the Masonic Lodge, Saturday night resulted as follows: H. G. Sandifer, M.; C. N. Smith, S. W.; Morris Yeiser, J. W.; I. H. Thomas, Treas.; S. D. VanPelt, Secy.; A. J. Potts, J. D.; P. A. Marks, Tyler. The officers elect were immediately installed by Past Grand Master W. L. Thomas, of Lexington, who happened to be present.

Friday night at a meeting of Major Robert Anderson Post G. A. R. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: D. B. Goode, Commander; C. L.

Linney, Sr. Vice Commander; Wellington Harlan, Jr. Vice Commander; S. D. Van Pelt, Adjutant; B. T. Zimmerman, Q. M.; J. D. Randeyls, Surgeon; D. A. Murphy, Chaplain; W. C. Martin, O. D.; M. Sheppard, O. G.; J. H. Wilson, S. M.; John Shaw, O. M. S.

Workmen were engaged Monday morning laying gas pipes in order that gas may illuminate the court house and enable Justice to see a little better. Justice has been blind long enough and it is but right that she should see, as the late Mr. Patch remarked "Something as well as others."

Christmas night at Shelby City Leslie Sharp and Elsie Lay became involved in a row and Lay was out in the back with a knife. The wounds were dressed and thought at the time not to be particularly dangerous. Lay, however, grew worse and died, it is thought, of internal hemorrhage. Sharp is under arrest.

The little dead maple tree in the south east corner of the court house yard was converted into a Christmas tree and strung with presents for the good little boys Christmas morning. Judge Young, Logan McKee, town attorney, W. K. Hobbs, marshal "Willie" Hulett and Henry Price, "Detecters," James Taylor, constable, and perhaps others, were remembered.

Miss Mary Mills, daughter of Mr. E. S. Mills, of this place, and Mr. Andrew Hoover, of Sonora, Ky., were married Thursday morning at the residence of the bride's father. That night Mr. Miller Lee and Miss Mollie A. Johnson were married at the First Presbyterian church, Rev. E. H. Pierce officiating in the first instance and Rev. J. L. Allen in the second.

A fire in one of the upper rooms of of the jailer's residence broke out Friday it is thought on account of a coal falling from the grate. The carpet, a part of the floor, a wardrobe and some clothing were destroyed. The loss to Mr. Shumate is about \$75. The residence of Wm. H. King, who lives a little north of Lexington street, also caught fire the same day, but was extinguished before much damage was done.

Mr. Eugene Lee has returned from an absence of several weeks in Texas. Mr. Benjamin Bolling is quite ill at his home on Walnut street. Mr. William H. Scruggs, the gentlemanly representative of Clay, Sall & Co., Lexington, was here among old friends Sunday and Monday.

Miss Mai Merrill is visiting relatives in Nashville. Mr. George Lee returned to his home in Taylor county Saturday, his little niece, Hortense and Virginia, Lee, accompanying him. Mr. G. B. Woodcock and Miss Nannie Jett were married Tuesday evening at the bride's residence in this county by Rev. J. L. Allen. Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock left at once for New Orleans and other points in the South.

marry a laundress, do your courting in the laundry; but if you want a wife, marry the girl you love. Be honest with the world, don't sail under false colors. Don't repine over your poverty; it is good for you. We get most of our Presidents from Illinois; tanyards and farms and Ohio townships. Don't envy any great man any boy. The great man, with his weight of years, and care, envious you every time he passes you by. And if you can't be a leader, double lead, a column long, on the second page, you can be something just as useful. You can be a little paying four line solid nonpareil "ad." on the inside, down under a picture of Lydia Pinkham, and that will help the make up and fill its place in the paper. Be anything in the world, my boy, that is alive and useful. Be anything but a "dead ad."—[Burdett's Boston Lecture.

A YEAR'S SHOEMAKING.—As the result of one year's manufacturing, our people required for 1880, 6,831,761 pairs of sole-leather, 21,137,66 sides and skns of upper-leather, besides leather sold by weight to the amount of \$2,460,614 pounds. This supply was sufficient to make 12,478 11 pairs of boots and shoes, or a little more than two pairs each for every man, woman and child in the United States. One inch place as Lynn would perhaps require for weekly supply the slaughter of four thousand cattle, ten thousand goats, fifteen thousand sheep, the manufacture of fifty thousand yards of cotton cloth, nearly a ton of silk and thread of every kind, two or three tons of nails and tacks, besides general supplies of every description which enter into the composition of shoes.

[Harper's Magazine.

A wild story comes from Springfield, Mass., to the effect that a doctor named Wright, who died two years ago, had left a confession which has just come to light, that he and a party of friends, medical students, removed the body of a Miss Newman from the grave shortly after her burial at Egmont, and took it to Albany and began dissection; that life was found not to be extinct, and the woman was restored to life but without her reason. She has since been cared for by the uncle of one of the students, her reason having been recovered. She married and has lived in New York for several years while her friends thought her dead.

John Martin decided to starve himself to death at Maysville, O., but his neighbors took an opposing view of his undertaking and appointed a committee to hold him, pry open his mouth, and pour gruel down his throat. After this had been done daily for a week he promised to eat normally.

"Do you want some butter on your bread?" asked Johnny's step mother in a cooling tone of voice, there being company at the table. "Just suit yourself," replied the self sacrificing little fellow, "but if you spread it as thin as you usually do I won't get none of the taste in my mouth, now, I like it best thin if it is like the butter we have when there is no company here."

## The New Groceries and Hardware House of

# TAYLOR BROS.

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact, that they have just returned from the cities with a large, fresh and well selected stock of

## Choice Family Groceries,

Endless in variety, dainty in quality, and satisfaction in prices, this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

## Our Hardware and Pocket Cutlery

Consists of the standard brands of Europe and America. Our large line of cooking stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites.

OUR CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE STOCK consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Queensware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated "G. M." patent flour unrivalled for cake and pastry, while ice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, are arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in foreign and domestic confections are here.

Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits, and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well this is only a hint of what we have.

Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage.

Respectfully, TAYLOR BROS.

# W. H. HIGGINS,

DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salesmen: W. B. McKinney, John Wright, Jr.

## Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS.

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

Also—

### JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

# T. R. WALTON,

The Cheap Grocer,

## COR. MAIN & SOMERSET STS.

—HAS A FEW—

## CHRISTMAS GOODS

—Left over, which will be the very things for—

## NEW YEAR PRESENTS

—He is offering them very low, and, more than that, will give a—

## PACK OF FIRE CRACKERS TO EVERY BOY,

—And a Pretty—

Picture Book to Every Girl,

Who buys twenty-five cents' worth of Toys. Go as soon as you read this to

## T. R. WALTON'S,

Cor. Main and Somerset Sts.,

Stanford, - - - Kentucky,

AND GET FIRST CHOICE.







# DINNER FOR THREE

IN A PRISON STOCKADE, DECEMBER 25, 1864.

From Thanksgiving to Christmas—Three Spoonfuls of Gookes and Three of Meat—Watching a Tin "Gunboat"—A Life-Time Memory.

(New York Sun.)

On the last Thursday of November, 1864, three of us sat in a shabby room in the prison stockade at Florence, S. C. Shebang was the prison word for a dwelling constructed in this way. It was in the afternoon. We had received our daily rations—about three spoonfuls of gookes, or corn meal, and a little over a pint of corn meal—had cooked and eaten them, and were sitting on the ground floor of the shabby room, our eyes lazily turned towards the wall, while our thoughts were as shallow as our faces.

We were silent for awhile. I was the first to speak:

"Thanksgiving's gone, boys, but if we live until Christmas we can have a dinner, and won't be hungry after we have eaten it."

"How?" inquired my two comrades, eagerly.

"We won't feel much hunger after we do now if we each put by a spoonful of meal and a spoonful of gookes every day from now until Christmas, and I think our savings will make a dinner that will be satisfying."

After some discussion as to the relative strength of our appetites and our wills, it was decided to lay by our six spoonfuls of food every day, all agreeing that the spoonfuls should not be heaped, but even. I dreamed that night of feasting on all the good things in the way of food that I had ever heard of. The next morning, in the afternoon when our rations came, we put three spoonfuls of gookes in one bag and three spoonfuls of meal in the other. Every succeeding day the bags received their portion, and were felt affectionately, to find out how much they contained.

Christmas morning, 1864, after being long waited for, came at last. The faint light of the morning dawned on us. We had hoarded our food, saving a little every day. It was not an easy thing to do, for the daily ration of ninety men was three sticks of pine wood of average size. To this supply we had added by picking up every splinter as large as a toothpick and every chip as large as a 10-cent piece that we discovered in our wanderings about the stockade.

The accounts of a shabby near our own, in addition to the usual cooking utensils—quart bottles and tin or sheet-iron pans—possessed a gunboat. This was a piece of old roofing tin, made into a pan more than a foot long and about six inches wide and deep. The corners where the tin had been cut off or turned were soldered with corn meal. It was not slightly, but was convenient. We had bargained before for the use of this gunboat.

The fire was lighted. The gookes had been cooked the night before, and were now put in the gunboat covered with water, and the gunboat was set over the fire upon two metal bricks made for the occasion. A watched pot may not boil, but a watched gunboat did, for three heads bent forward and six eyes gazed intently upon the contents of the vessel over the fire, until the water was bubbling and the peas dancing in and out among the bubbles.

At short intervals a few peas were taken out in a spoon and allowed to cool, and a pea was tasted by each of us and judgment given as to its being done. Finally we were unanimous in the opinion that the gookes were cooked enough. Meal was brought forth and stirred in, and the pudding was allowed to remain on the fire until it had thickened, so that there was danger of its being scorched. The peas were dark skinned, and had given the pudding a purplish hue. The gunboat was lifted off and set on the ground to cool. While we were waiting the fire was renewed. Corn meal saved for the purpose was put in a pan and thoroughly dried and browned. This corn meal was divided into three portions, put in three quart bottles, and boiled.

At last our dinner was ready. The gunboat was put on the ground in the center of the shabby, and we sat around it. Two of us had small tin pans and one a flat piece of sheet-iron for plates, and each had a spoon. Not one of us would have been called a religious man, but we bowed our heads and said: But it was only for a moment, and then the Kentuckian volunteered to act as host, and helped us and himself.

When that dinner was over the contents of the gunboat and quart cups had vanished and it was just noon. After such unusual exertion we lay down, drew our blankets over us and slept. We were awakened near night by a neighbor, who called us that we might get our rations. After returning to the shabby the Iowa man said: "Boys, I'll think of that dinner as long as I live. Why, I ain't hungry yet."

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thing go as well as can be in such cases, the girl must be kept in seclusion and quiet for at least a fortnight or three weeks. I groaned as I thought of what would happen if Philippa was arrested and carried before the magistrates, accused of the awful crime. From that moment until the day of her death she would be insane.

Yet what help was there for it! The moment the deed is known—the moment Mrs. Wilson learns that Sir Morryv Ferrand has been found shot through the heart, she will let it be known that Lady Ferrand is at hand; and Lady Ferrand, who has been passing under the name of Mrs. Farmer, will be sought and found. And then—and then! Even if she did not do at once—even if she recovered—oh, the shame of the trial! No jury could or would convict her; but for Philippa, my queen, to stand in the dock, to plead for her life. To know that, whether convicted or acquitted, the deed was done by her. To know that all England is talking of her wrongs and her vengeance. Horrible! Horrible! It shall never be. Rather will I give her a draught of opium heavy enough to close her eyes forever. There will be plenty more of the drug left for me!

Fool that I was! Why did I do things by halves? Why, for her sake, did I not hide the deed from those who would find him? Why did I not ride his pockets, so that suspicion should have pointed to a vulgar murderer—some one who had killed him for mere plunder? Why did I not, at least, destroy any letters or papers which might have been rendered difficult, and perhaps have delayed for weeks. In that time I might have saved her.

Why do I not do this now? I started to my feet; then sank back into my chair. Not to reveal Philippa's name could I go again to that spot. If I did so, I should return as mad as she is now.

Not being able to bring myself to adopt the gruesome alternative, I could do nothing save wait events—nothing, at least, to avert the consequences of her delirious act. But for her something must be done. How could I, in her frenzied state, be left here—her only companion two women. Nurses must at once be procured. I summoned William and told him he must go to London by the first train in the morning.

William would have received my instructions to go to the Antipodes with impatience. He merely expressed a doubt as to whether any one would be able to get to London to the windward and looked on. The night was still one mad whirl of snow flakes. The window-panes were half covered by such a mass of snow that I could see nothing there. As I watched what I could see of the wild white dance, I found myself thinking that by now that dead man on the road must be covered in a inch—must have lost shape and outline. I shivered as I turned away.

"They are sure to keep the line to town open," I said. "If you can get to Rolling, you can get to London."

"Oh, I can get to Rolling right enough," said William.

Then I told him what he was to do. He was to take a letter to one of the Nursing Institutions, and bring back two nurses with him. No matter what the weather was when they reached Rolling, they were to come to my house at once, even if they had to hire twenty horses to drag them there. He was also to get me a few drugs that I might want.

William said no more. He nodded, to show that he understood me; and I knew if I were possible to do my bidding it would be done.

Of his own accord he then brought me food. I ate, for I knew that I should want all my strength to support the anxiety of the next day or two.

At short intervals a few peas were taken out in a spoon and allowed to cool, and a pea was tasted by each of us and judgment given as to its being done. Finally we were unanimous in the opinion that the gookes were cooked enough. Meal was brought forth and stirred in, and the pudding was allowed to remain on the fire until it had thickened, so that there was danger of its being scorched. The peas were dark skinned, and had given the pudding a purplish hue. The gunboat was lifted off and set on the ground to cool. While we were waiting the fire was renewed. Corn meal saved for the purpose was put in a pan and thoroughly dried and browned. This corn meal was divided into three portions, put in three quart bottles, and boiled.

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The poor creature, to whose side I crept every half-hour.

I stayed up the whole night. Oh, that awful night! I shall never forget it! The sound—the raging snow storm outside—the poor creature, to whose side I crept: noiselessly every half an hour. She lay there with a face like marble, calm and beautiful. The long, dark tresses swept her temple down. The only movement was the regular rise and fall of the bosom. Oh, happy oblivion! Oh, dreary waking! As I looked at her, in spite of the love I bore her, I believe that, had I thought such a prayer would be answered, I should for her sake have prayed that those lanes might never again be lifted.

Morning at last broke on my dreary vigil. Philippa lay still. I returned to the living room and drew back the curtains from the window. Yes, it was morning—such a morning as leaden, wintry skies can give. It was still snowing as heavily. If not more heavily, than it had snowed last night. For twelve hours the flakes had fallen without intermission.

There was little wind now; it had dropped, I knew, about an hour ago. The world, so far as I could see, was clad in white; but the snow lay unevenly. The wind had blown it into drifts. On my garden path its depth might be counted by inches; against my garden wall by feet.

William now made his appearance. He prepared some breakfast for himself, and then, having done justice to it, started for Rolling. It occurred to me that he might be the first to find this object which lay on the roadside.

Except that so doing might delay him and cause him to miss the train, this mattered little. I was now calmly awaiting the inevitable. Some one must make the discovery. However, as I wanted the nurses, I said to him:

"Remember this is life and death. Nothing must stop you." He touched his hat in a reassuring manner, and tramped off through the snow.

I returned to my patient's bedside and sat watching her, and waiting for her to awake. She had now slept for nearly eleven hours, and I knew that return to life might take place at any moment. I longed to see her, I dreaded her awakening. When the effects of the opiate were gone, how should I find her! Alas! I knew that the chances were a thousand to one that her brain would still be full of strange delusions; that she would turn from me, as she turned last night, with loathing and anger. But my greatest fear was that she would, upon coming to herself, or rather to her poor insane self, be conscious of the act she had accomplished. It was this.

Come and see our big display of ball and library lamps. Bright & Curran.

the old-fashioned custom of "throwing the stocking" is still practiced in parts of West Virginia, according to a correspondent for the Cincinnati Times-Star. He writes: "While here I heard one young German driving in the country ask another, 'Going to throw the stocking to-night?'"

I asked what it meant, and learned that some German "Maiden" was to be married that night with a big wedding. "Throwing the stocking" was a game which was fun for the guests, but which procured a great deal of fun for the bride and groom. When the two had retired and covered up all but their heads, the young, unmarried guests were admitted to their room. A yarn stocking was made into a ball, and the girls got into line with backs to the blushing bride. The first one throws the stocking over her shoulder, aiming to hit the head of the blusher. Each one tries, and the one that hits will be married first. The boys try this same game with the groom with a like expectation. This custom is still in vogue here in old German families, although it has been dropped by those who moved into the busy West. There is no time for such foolishness in a country where wealth and voters are needed.

It is said that one tree marks the corner of three counties in Ohio, Wood, Hancock and Seneca, and a cow rubbing her side against the trunk in Hancock county chews her cud in Seneca and brushes flies in Wood.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. March's Piles Ointment—entirely guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. March's Ointment a female remedy, to cure Female Catarrhs, such as Ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irritability, Nervousness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price 50¢ and \$1.00 per bottle. Send to Dr. March, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fester Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I am guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Fats & Penny.

An Editor's Tribute.

Theron P. Keator, editor of the Fort Wayne (Indiana) Gazette, writes: "For the past five years we have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of the most severe character, as well as for those of the milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in the same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough that I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Croup, &c. Call at Tott & Penny's Drug store and get a Free Trial Bottle. Large size \$1.

Very Remarkable Discovery.

Mrs. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich. writes: "My wife has been almost blind for five years, and believes that she could not turn over in her grave. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and now she can see as well as I. It is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Tott & Penny.

Two Dangerous Seasons.

Spring and Fall are times when so many people get sick. The changes in the weather are severe as well as sudden, and often those who are strong and healthy, as they say, "to be feeling miserable." Then they are just in time to be struck down by some kind of fever. A bottle or two of Park's Kidney and Bladder Pills will do the work. The liver, kidneys and bladder in perfect order and prevent more serious attacks. Why suffer and perhaps die when so simple a medicine will save you? Good for both sexes and all ages.

PROFESSIONAL.

ALEX. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DANVILLE, KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boyle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

J. B. FISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DANVILLE, KY.

And Master Commissioner Rockcastle Circuit Court. Will practice in the Rockcastle Circuit Court, a specialty. Office in Court-house. (136)

LEE P. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST, STANFORD, KY.

Office—South of Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

DR. W. B. PENNY, Dentist, STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Office over Robt. S. Lytle's store. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m. Anesthetics administered when necessary. (134-137)

Mules for Sale!

On account of my failing health, I offer for sale my well known work mules, 14 heads, light, used to the cart, sound, gentle and true pullers, and I advertise in The Lexington Journal. I have never failed to sell, and soon at this.

T. T. DAVENPORT, Stanford, Ky.

DRESS - MAKING!

I have removed to corner Main & Depot sts., and am prepared to serve the ladies in Dress-Making and all kinds of sewing in the best style and at reasonable rates. Soliciting a share of your patronage, I am, respectfully,

MISS ELLA SMILEY, Stanford, Ky.

POSTED!

This notice forbids hunters, fishermen and trappers to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such acts are liable to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Stanford, Ky. March 17th, 1885. (Signed.)

For RENT.—After January 1, the very desirable store room under the INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Address W. P. Watson.

W. F. McCLARY is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the democracy.

JOHN H. MILLER is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the democracy.

\$200 Reward!

A Reward of Two Hundred Dollars will be paid by the friends of the late J. W. Reed for the capture of his murderer, Henry Roberts. Roberts is about 35 years of age, dark complexion, hazel eyes, smooth face and very bad countenance, rather heavy built, weighing probably 150 pounds.

FARM FOR SALE!

I have been appointed agent for the sale of the farm of Mrs. Parke L. Hale and heirs, containing 1330 acres, lying 5 or 6 miles from Lexington on the Liberty Pike and Thoroughfare, etc. It is a good dwelling-house of two stories and 6 rooms, with the necessary out-buildings. It is well watered and is good, rich land worth much more than is asked for it. Apply to me for further particulars.

237-700 H. F. HARRIS, Stanford, Ky.

G. R. Waters, D. H. Baldwin & Co., Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind. Dealers in Stationery & Sewing Machine Needles, Hairpins, J. A. C. Fisher, Yarn & Sewing Machine, Co's Collage, Upright and Square Piano Fortes, also the latest, shelling and Hamilton Organ. Instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders till you get our prices and terms. Post-office, Louisville, Ky.

Stanford Female College, STANFORD, KY.

With a Full Corps of Teachers, This Institution will open its Fifteenth Session on the 1st Monday in September next.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

Are taught, as well as MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Department. Primary, \$25; Intermediate, \$25; Preparatory, \$25, and College, \$50.

For full particulars, see to Board, Ad. address MISS R. C. TRUMBART, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

MYERS HOTEL, STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Proprietor

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation.

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to the Comfort of their Guests.

Business will be accepted to and from the 1st of March. Special Accommodations for Commercial Travelers. The Bar will always be supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

Try the Great English Remedy.

It is positive cure for Weak Menstruation, Loss of Power, Nervous Exhaustion, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, and General Loss of Power of the Genitalia, and all diseases that follow as a consequence. In all cases of Female Weakness the Specific will give a cure, restoring lost or failing vigor, giving to the eye a brilliant and sparkling beauty, to the cheeks the rosy bloom of health.

After Taking MURRAY'S SPECIFIC is sold by all Druggists at 50¢ per package, or six packages for \$3. Also by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Send full particulars in pamphlet, which will be mailed free to every applicant. Address all communications to the sole manufacturer, MURRAY MEDICINE CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Sold in Stanford by Penny & McAllister and all druggists everywhere. Agents for the State of Ky., Wm. H. Harris & Co., Wholesale Agents in Louisville, Ky. (200-17)

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

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St. Louis & the West

Northwest and Southwest by the way of LOUISVILLE or CINCINNATI.

All Trains Leaving Chattanooga for Louisville and Lexington to Lexington.

10 Hours Only from Louisville or Cincinnati to St. Louis, being two hours quicker than any other line, giving our passengers the time for meals and first choice of seats in trains going West.

12 Hours Quicker To St. Louis and beyond the going by way of Chicago.

O. & M. —Always makes—

Fast Time and Sure Connections

With all Lines at—

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No Ferries! No Omnibus Transfers!

Connections made in Union Depot, St. Louis, with trains of lines going West, Northwest and Southwest.

For full and reliable information in regard to Land, Air, in the Western States, Maps, Guides and lowest special rates for Tickets and Houseboats Goods to all points West call on or address

Passenger Agent for Ohio & Mississippi Railway, W. W. PEABODY, W. H. SHATTUCK, President and (and) Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agt. C. W.